

Commercial Herald

SOME of the Rads hope to slip in. That won't work.

This city is on a boom. What about the water works, Messrs Mayor and Aldermen?

If you are asked Wednesday did you vote for honest government and reform, be prepared to answer yes.

Ex-SENATOR BRUCE will pass through the city Monday, on the way to his old home in Bolivar county.

At the start of the campaign in this county the danger arose from a lack of confidence, now it is from over-confidence.

"DEAR BOB" will be here during Fair Week, or there will be a row between his favorite county and himself.

The gentlemen who have worked up the Fair Association deserve well of the city. In their first meeting the citizens should turn out en masse to witness the outdoor sports.

The buildings and track at the Fair Grounds are rapidly approaching completion, and those of our citizens who visit the Grounds to day, will be agreeably surprised at the outlook.

The St. Louis Republican heads its special from this city giving the news of the completion of the Vicksburg, Shreveport & Pacific Railroad incline as a "big thing for Vicksburg."

The Grand Stand will be beautiful filled with the citizens of Vicksburg and the surrounding country, when the "soldier boys" are in the field, or the fliers are on the "home stretch."

The Walkup trial is costing the press of the country hundreds of thousands of dollars for telegraph, composition expenses and so forth. When the trial is over it will have cost this journal alone over a hundred dollars.

We learn from the surrounding country that the impression has gone abroad that the Fair Grounds Management intend to charge one dollar admission. That is a mistake. The general admission will be only fifty cents, children half price.

The New Orleans Picayune of Friday has the following: From E. S. Bruts, President, and T. A. Marshall, Jr., Secretary, the Picayune has received a complimentary ticket for the inaugural meeting of the Vicksburg Fair Association. The Fair will be held Nov. 10 to 13.

"HOLE IN THE DAY," a great-grandson of the famous Chippewa chief of that name, is in Washington, with Minnesota influence, to secure from the President an appointment to West Point when a vacancy occurs. He is young, tall and straight, and of very prepossessing personal appearance, with but little to suggest Indian blood in his veins. He dresses well, and is said to be highly educated for his years.

The Democrats expect a victory both in New York and Virginia next Tuesday. The expectation is reasonable for with proper efforts both States are Democratic. We think there is no doubt about Virginia. The Herald will have early and reliable news of the result in both States.

There have been some unjust efforts to make the COMMERCIAL HERALD take sides in the discussions, criticisms, estimates and so on of our State Military Companies. If we have been unjust to any company, it was not because we did not try to do all of them full justice. All we want is to see the companies prosper, and when they meet in competitive drills, "may the best company win."

TIMELY.
Our Cotton Exchange and Board of Trade have extended a cordial invitation to our Louisiana friends to visit during Fair week. These invitations will be distributed by the V. S. R. R., and as there is now little delay and no annoyance in crossing the Mississippi River, the incline being completed, we hope our neighbors across the way will come in large numbers. During that week the fare on all the roads and steamers is half the usual price, and splendid outdoor attractions await all those who visit us.

LAST WORDS.
This is the last issue before the day of the election and we take the opportunity to urge every good citizen to go to the polls and vote. If they do it, they will settle this county on a peaceful and prosperous basis for twenty years to come.

In consideration of the results it is

very little to ask the citizens to do. In the city it will hardly take a moment to vote; and in the county, the citizens are alive to the necessity of going to the polls, for if they neglect their duty, the baneful effect will be at once perceptible.

Let employers encourage their employees to go, and let the richest and most solid men in the county set the example of going to the polls and voting for reform and lower taxation. Any taxpayer in this county, who does not go to the polls and vote, ought to never open his mouth about public affairs again. Let them show they are grateful to those who have borne the brunt of the fight, by going to the polls and influencing others to do likewise.

OUR DISTINGUISHED GUEST.

Senator J. Z. George arrived in the city yesterday and will address the citizens of the county and city to-night at Magnolia Hall. The Senator is in excellent health and the citizens of the State will be glad to learn that his eyes, from which, for quite a time he suffered, are completely cured. His trip to the coast has been of vast benefit to him.

He says he hardly knows what would most interest our citizens, but he is ever ready to aid Warren county in every way in his power. Twelve years ago, when he was Chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee, he promptly came to our rescue in time of great need and did us inestimable service.

There will be a vast crowd to hear him to night, when he will talk the soundest kind of sense, for if there is any man in the whole south who thoroughly understands the situation and thoroughly appreciates the dangers that encompass Southern communities, that man is J. Z. George.

THE VALUE.

What the victory in this county will be worth, should be referred to often. We estimate it will be worth to the county and city fully thirty thousand dollars a year. The saving by stopping the scrip steal, alone is worth fully thirty thousand dollars a year. In other lines where the Radicals have got in their work, the amount will be worth much more than ten thousand dollars a year, thus insuring to our taxpayers a saving of, between forty and fifty thousand dollars a year in clean cash. Beyond the dollars and cents the value of the victory will be very great. The purity and usefulness of our Court will be restored. As it is now the county would be much better off without any Court, as far as preservation of life and public rights is involved.

The next great thing to be noticed is the restoration of the rights of the laboring men, and the poor citizens. At the beginning of this campaign it was looked upon by a large class of citizens as an act of rashness and bad judgment for a man to aspire to office unless he had a "bar" or a "bundle," or was clinging to the coat tail of a man who had one. It was a common remark that it was folly for Mr. — to run for office, as he had no money. That is past now, and any man worthy to serve the people in office, even if he is poor, will have as good a show as a man with a "bar."

All these results are within the reach of our good citizens, and they must not be lost by failure to do our duty to the end.

Judicial Despotism.

St. Louis Republican.

In his decision regarding the Marble-Walters case yesterday Judge Lewis took occasion to comment on the defects in the jury system of this country, and also to express himself on the subject of judicial despotism. "One of the chief objections," said the court, "to the jury system is the frequent inclination of the average juror to discriminate between the requirements of law and his own ideas of natural right and justice. It is often the fact that where a strong sentiment appears in antagonism with a rule of law the verdict will be found in many cases in favor of the sentiment and against the law. It is the business of the court," continued the decision, "to counteract tendencies to set aside the behests of government for preferences of the individual. The courts vindicate the absolute supremacy of the law. The willful rendering of an unlawful judgment and the deliberate refusal by a court to use the means expressly confided to it for protection of suitor's rights are only different forms of judicial despotism."

The fishing grounds at West Donegal, Ireland, have been invaded by an army of sharks so powerful and so ferocious that they blockaded the land. Many boats have been assailed. A concerted attack on one was so fierce that those on board had to pull for their lives to gain shallow water. Another boat was nearly sunk. Fishing has been abandoned, for the men will not venture out.

The New Catholic University.
WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—Bishop Ireland of Minnesota, one of the board of directors of the new Catholic university to be established in this city, communicates some interesting information concerning that project. The directory of the university will meet in Baltimore on November 11, but will adjourn at once to this city, when the university will be formally incorporated under the general law of the District of Columbia, its plan of operations laid out, committees appointed to obtain subscriptions and to study by personal observation and inspection the university systems of the United States and Europe. Six hundred thousand dollars is already in hand, and it is anticipated that in three months more this will be increased to \$1,000,000. The work of building on the ground purchased for the use of the university will be commenced in a very short time with the erection of one wing, which it is estimated will cost \$250,000, and which will accommodate the branches to be first established—the philosophical and theological departments. The Bishop is of the opinion that the university will take grade above any other in this country. The endowment for each chair to be filled will not be less than \$100,000.

Sam Jones and the Circus.
The distinction between the slang-whanging revival preaching of Rev. Sam Jones, at his tent meetings, and a regular circus, is not great, and yet Sam is trying to down the big shows. He is reported by the Kansas City Times as saying:

When I was a boy I went to a circus. And I haven't been to a circus since I joined the church. I have had too much self-respect, and so has any man in St. Joe who has self-respect enough to have religion. When I used to go to circuses nobody but poor white trash and niggers went, and I reckon it is that way yet. Well, I was a powerful hand to take in the outside part of the show, and while I was a 'bogie' around on the outside I saw a couple of men totting a great bunch of dirty look' canvas along, and I followed them to where there was a sort of an oven. "Well, these men built up a fire in the oven, and then they hung up the canvas and put its mouth over the chimney and pretty soon the canvas began to inflate and expand, and in a little while it had developed into a magnificent balloon. Now a man got into the carriage, and at a word the straps were cut and the balloon floated gracefully into the air, and now looking back seemed to say: 'I could have carried fifty of you just as easy as one.' I have seen many a Methodist and many a Baptist who had to be dragged to prayer meeting like that piece of canvas and held over God's furnace till it had expanded with the love of God; and when they once get to floating they look back and gather, not one, but fifty of their brethren and bring them to the prayer meeting with them."

The Nude in Dramatic Art.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 26.—William J. Gilmore, proprietor of the New Central Theatre, was this morning arraigned before Judge Biddle on a charge of obscene libel preferred by Josiah Leeds. The charge was based upon the exhibition of a picture representing characters of the spectacular production of "The Seven Ravens," which it advertised to be performed at the theatre some time ago. It was hung up on the outside of the theatre. The question was left by the court to the jury to determine from the picture itself whether it was as charged an indecent production.

The jury, after a careful deliberation, returned a verdict of guilty. Counsel for Mr. Gilmore said that the picture was no worse than similar ones exhibited in front of other theatres where there was a ballet.

The judge said it was time to put a stop to this sort of thing. The whole object was to get people into the place to see nude women. He did not, however, think that Mr. Gilmore, as a single exception, ought to be made a severe example of. On the application of counsel for the defendant sentence was postponed for a day or two and Mr. Gilmore was permitted to renew his bail.

Subsequently it was agreed that the defendant should receive his sentence to-day, and the judge fined him \$100.

The Killing Near Monroe.

Monroe Bulletin.

In an altercation last Thursday on the Rhodes place, Island Deslart, between Capt. W. C. Bullington and Mr. W. S. Rhodes, the former was killed. From what we can learn Bullington made an assault upon Rhodes with a knife and the latter struck him in the head with a mallet, death resulting from the blow Sunday morning. Capt. Bullington was in town the morning before the difficulty, drinking freely, and was very quarrelsome. He went home and raised the trouble with Rhodes and his rashness cost him his life. Rhodes is a man reluctant to get into trouble but when angered and assaulted is said to be dangerous. Bullington and he were brothers-in-law and we cannot believe that he would have killed him unless compelled to have done so to save his own life. Capt. Bullington was at one time a successful steamboatman on the Ouachita. He leaves a wife and several children.

A Faith Cure Convention.

BUFFALO, Oct. 31.—The speakers at the Faith Cure Convention yesterday were Rev. Mr. Schwartz, Mrs. Osborne and Rev. Mr. Baxter. An interesting feature of the convention was the anointing with oil of seventy-five persons who came to be cured of various maladies. They were told they would be cured by their faith in Christ as the healer of their body and soul.

A Few Hints on Transplanting Fruit Trees, Etc.

The soil should be well drained if not naturally so. The ground for the orchard should be laid out with a view to planting between the trees some hard crop, such as Irish potatoes to be followed by peas, or cotton, or sweet potatoes.

Prepare the ground by thorough plowing or spading to the depth of fifteen to eighteen inches or deeper. In land thus prepared the holes need not be dug much larger than sufficient to spread out the roots properly. If the soil is poor or shallow the holes should be at least three feet in diameter and filled in with the best of the soil to which should be added two or three shovelfuls of well rotted manure, or compost, which must be thoroughly incorporated with the soil to prevent too intimate contact with the young fibrous roots. Cut off all bruised or broken roots with a smooth upward cut; remove all the side branches and cut back the main stem to a good full bud, one to two feet from the ground; and while growing rub off all buds which start except such as are desired to form limbs and do not leave too many of them. Adjust the tree carefully so as to stand about as deep as it stood in the nursery, leaning it a little to the southwest so as to protect the stem from the scorching rays of the afternoon sun. Spread out the roots in every direction, so that none cross each other and fill in closely with the soil, press firmly with the foot and level up with the clay from the bottom of the hole. Put all the ashes you have on top of the ground about the trees. Do this at any time after they are planted and repeat the operation at least once a year. As a rule peach trees should occupy the highest ground, apples and quinces next and pears the lowest. Do not plant dwarf trees at all, they will generally disappoint you. Transplanting may be done in this climate at any time from the first killing frost until about the middle of March, but the earlier it is done the better. Le Conte pears should be planted not later than Feb. 10th.

J. W. HANES.

Beecher's Way.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher gives the following version of one of his experiences:

Some years ago a bright girl came to live in his family as a domestic. She was the daughter of Protestants, who had been devoted to giving her careful religious training. She took another place in time, when for the while Mr. Beecher closed his home in Brooklyn. The family in which she obtained a situation was composed of devout Catholics. The young woman became interested in their faith, and finally was convinced that she too should be a member of the Roman Catholic Church. Her parents were much annoyed, and they sought by persuasion, argument and other means to prevent her purpose. Finally, in their trouble, they visited Mr. Beecher and besought the intervention of his influence "Send her to me," he said, and the girl presented herself to him. "Are you persuaded that you are doing right in joining the Catholic Church?" he asked. She was sure that her convictions required her to take that step; she felt, she said that she could be a better Christian and get more comfort out of religion in the Catholic Church than in any other. "Then," said Mr. Beecher, "take this letter to Father Pise, of the Church of St. Charles Borromeo." Father Pise and Mr. Beecher were old friends. His letter ran thus:

"Here is a lamb who thinks she sees better pasture on your side of the fence than she does on mine. Take good care of her. Yours in Christ."

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

Families and Old Friends Divided on the Question of Prohibition.

ATLANTA, Oct. 27.—The prohibitionists of the city are parading the streets to-night with brass bands in Salvation Army style. Alvin Freeman, a well known speaker of Griffin, and George N. Lester are holding forth at the court house to a large crowd, and much enthusiasm prevails. Both sides are well organized, and never has such interest been manifested in an election here.

Families and business firms are divided on the question, and everybody is discussing it. The preachers of the city take for their texts on Sundays, and are making personal appeals to their congregations. The business men of the city, as a rule, are opposed to prohibition, and will hold an immense mass meeting to-morrow night.

Should the law as passed by the legislature be adopted it will be illegal for druggists to sell whisky or brandy and for physicians to administer them. The prohibitionists claim that they will carry the county by 1,000 votes, and the anti-prohibitionists are equally confident.

General Beauregard.

General Beauregard has entered into a contract with Mr. Allen Thorndike Rice, editor and proprietor of the North American Review, to write a series of articles on the war between the States.

The first article will give an inside history of "The Shiloh Campaign."

The second article will describe "The Defence of Charleston."

The third article will treat of the "Drury's Bluff Campaign."

The closing article will be devoted to "The Defence of Petersburg."

The first contribution is to appear in the North American Review for January, 1886. General Beauregard has made it a condition that they shall be published at an early date, as he expects that they will arouse fierce controversies, and he wants to have the issues that he raises settled during his lifetime.

ABOUT \$100,000 is to be expended in restoring parts of St. Peter's in Rome.

A BLACK BASS STORY.

Stirred Up with Electricity—Made Happy with a Tonic.

[New York Sun.]

One afternoon a little gray-haired man, with mild blue eyes and clean-shaven face, sat upon the mill-dam of one of the chain of ponds which check the flow of the Whippany river in Morris county, New Jersey. He held in his hand a thin split bamboo rod, while at his side was a polished mahogany box with wires running from its corners, and a brass crank projecting from its side. It was evidently an electric apparatus and one of the wires dropped straight down into the water, while the other led away along the side of the pond to its upper end. Near the box was a two gallon demijohn and a graduated glass such as chemists use for measuring liquids, while at his left was a can containing a score of hileous water insects known as bogerets or heigramites, and a basket in which two fine black bass were lying upon a bed of oak leaves. At intervals the old gentleman carefully attached a helgramite to his hook and deftly cast it into the pond with a turn of his left wrist, and at the same instant vigorously turned the crank on his box. For ten minutes he cast the bait and turned the crank at frequent intervals, and then, with an expression of disappointment, put aside his rod and turned to the demijohn and removed the cork. Then, carefully wiping the glass with his handkerchief, he poured out about a fluid pound of a yellow liquid, which he cast out upon the pond. A moment later he was struggling with a large bass, and his whiplike rod bent nearly double as he skillfully handled the reel and walked slowly toward the shore, with his wrinkled face lit up with the keenest pleasure.

"He's got a whopper," said a bare-footed boy who had been watching his maneuvers for half an hour. Turning to the youth with a triumphant glance, the old gentleman said:

"It was the tonic that fetched him."

After a struggle of three or four minutes duration the angler landed a three pound bass, and as the fish panted away its life on the grassy bank he danced about it, saying:

"The tonic is a success, a great success. The callaya was what it needed. Less iron, more callaya; that's the thing."

"Did I understand you to say that you caught that bass with a tonic?" asked a stranger who stopped to view the captive.

"No, sir; not directly with a tonic. I do not put a tonic on the bait, but administer it through the medium of the water in the pond. It is a most important discovery, and will revolutionize the art of angling. Bass are sluggish in August, and will not take food readily, but the tonic mixture stimulates their appetite and they take the bait voraciously."

"What is the electrical apparatus for?"

"Ah, that is another triumph," answered the little old gentleman. "It is one of my most important scientific discoveries. In that box is a powerful magnet-electric machine, with which I can reach the deepest recesses of the pond, and awaken the sleeping fish with a thrilling shock of electricity. It is a most remarkable success. Most extraordinary."

"You have caught three bass I observe?"

"Yes, three beauties, and I have been here only about five hours. As soon as I receive my inheritance from Spain I shall patent both inventions. I am staying out here for my health, and am giving full sway to my genius."

"Come, doctor, it is time to return," said a burly-looking individual in a blue suit who had just arrived on the scene, and the old gentleman, with his assistance wound up the wires and packed away his tackle.

"He is pretty well fixed, and we have to humor him," said the man in blue to the stranger, as he followed the old gentleman up the hill leading to the asylum.

The Great African Diamond.

[Manufacturing Jeweler.]

An Amsterdam correspondent tells the story of the immense African diamond, weighing 437 carats in the rough, which is in process of being cut by Mr. Jacques Metz, one of the largest diamond cutters of that city. The stone is said to have a somewhat curious history, and though its exact birthplace is only a matter of conjecture, it is known that it was found by somebody in one of the four mines of Kimberley, in the Cape colony, South Africa. It is said that in June or July of last year one of the surveillance officers of the Central Mining company in the Kimberley mine found the stone, and, being exempt from search, carried it through the searching-house unperceived, and sold it to four irregular dealers for \$15,000. Before leaving the province the new owners had a night of drinking and gambling, which ended in two of them becoming its owners instead of four.

The two owners escaped the secret police and reached Cape Town, where they found a dealer who readily paid them \$50,000 for the stone. There is an export duty on diamonds shipped from Cape Colony of 1 per cent., but it appears that this stone was smuggled out of the colony by a passenger on the mail steamer and brought to London, where its presentation at Hatton garden created a great sensation. A former resident at the Cape mines managed to form a company of eight persons, who bought the stone between them for \$235,000 cash, on the condition that the seller or sellers should receive a ninth share of the eventual profits. The real value of the stone has been estimated at London at \$1,000,000. According to the rules of valuation of the famous Taveruier diamond, its value would be \$4,168,980.

The Tyrolean Passion-Plays.

[Foreign Letter.]

The Tyrolean passion-plays of Vorder Thiersee are becoming strong competitors of the traditional Oberammergau (Bavaria) representations. At all events the present performances are attracting large audiences, conspicuous in which are clergymen and Englishmen. With their increasing success and extended appreciation the zeal of the actors is keeping full pace. It is even asserted by critics that the female characters (Mary and Magdalen) are much better sustained than at Oberammergau, and that the male parts (St. Peter, Judas, Caiaphas and Herod—even that of Christ himself) will bear comparison with those of the best actors in the Bavarian village.

These plays, according to an ancient custom, are likewise performed once in every decade; but, owing to the greater notoriety gained by the Oberammergau and Brigglegg plays within the last twenty years, they have in more recent days obtained a reputation far beyond the narrow circle of the adjacent mountain valleys.

Customs Differ.

Calling a man a big buffoon in Naples is considered the highest honor you can pay him. Buffoonery is a fine art there, requiring unlimited talents; amateurs are classed as the best and take no pay; hence a prince may be a buffoon, and often is.

The Sinking of San Francisco.

Officers of the Chilean navy talk a great deal about the anticipated time when they may sack San Francisco, and their ideas are said seriously to be that a project of that kind is quite feasible.

A GASTRONOMIC CROWD.

Thinks We Need a Kitchen Reform—The American Editor and His Dyspepsia.

[Baruch Butler.]

Eating is not particularly aesthetic, but it is a tri-daily acknowledgment to ourselves and others of our mortal feebleness. Were not the practice of eating general, it would be held a disgraceful yielding, and we should feed shyly, with a shame at being seen, like that of mauling a luscious steamed on a cucumber. "What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!" Yet thrice a day this paragon and godlike animal indulges in "apprehension" of quite another sort, for it is feeding time, and there is a snarling and snapping and a fleshy wagging of jaws till the machine which is within us is resupplied with fuel. People confess this weakness to each other and rush in herds to satisfy it, as though singly it were an abasement.

Is it because eating is ungraceful that it is so little honored? A lady looks least like an angel at the dinner table; is that the reason she loves the kitchen so little? Is it for such a reason, or by an inherent vice in national character, that the representative American is a sorrow, lean, loose-jointed man, who began life with a good constitution, which he treated as if he had a grudge against it, who every day steps over mountains in his path, and at 30 finds out, for the first time, that he has an "infernal" stomach, thereupon going into the doctor's hands and afterwards eating food from one hand and pills from the other?

In the New World type nature ventured upon an experiment, and put in one more drop of nervous fluid; but the American treats the drop as if it were stamina and not impulse, boiler and not pressure, so we are old at 30. We have not time for dinner, and throw meat to our stomachs with the same hasty jerk as to dogs, making them snap it in the same hasty way. We all carry weight in our own bodies, and live and work in spite of them, they are the impediments of the marches of our lives. And we are all dyspeptic—a word that suggests the spectacles.

Dyspepsia is not nervousness, or we might owe something to it in literature; it is far unlike that depression under which Dr. Quincy pitifully says, "Composition of any sort was inexpressibly painful—a burden which became public gain."

Dyspepsia would have shaken Cromwell and dethroned the fall of Charles.

Minerva springing from Jove's head, that preternatural aid, may have been but an undigested morsel under the imperial girdle. Dyspepsia is author of many a doubt and gloomy doctrine in theology; it may have been the devil that vexed Luther and the saints. It has lost battles. It has strangled ideas.

We need a kitchen reform, and the establishment of classes in which not only young women can be taught how to cook, but young ladies qualified to superintend the culinary departments of their future households. It is time we realized that nothing useful is vulgar or undignified.

If cooking is vulgar, so is eating, and let us dispense with both or make both objects of study. It is no materialism to say that the food we eat is the thoughts we think, the doctrines we hold to, the experiences we treasure or try to forget, our successes or failures. What we consume becomes ourselves, and life is seen by every man through the medium of his physical being and condition.

How an Ohio Battery Captured Supplies.

[Cor. Cleveland Leader.]

We knew it would be night before the slow-paced baggage wagons reached Bowling Green, and perhaps morning before we could find them. The thought made the soldiers havenous. Clearly, something must be done to procure rations for supper. Far off down the road in front we could see a negro driving an ox team, making his way home, probably scared into an ague fit by the sudden appearance of Yankees. It was the first time, the reader must remember, that the Federal troops had penetrated the south, and the ignorant people regarded them with comical terror. The negro was making what haste he could to avoid being overtaken. At this moment a wheel ran off from the leading gun carriage and the first detachment halted, drawing to one side to enable the battery to pass. In a minute or two it was replaced, but by this time the battery had thundered by the ox team, leaving the negro half paralyzed with fear, sitting in his wagon by the roadside.

A hurried consultation in the detachment resulted in the sergeant giving it one minute to convert the oxen into beef.

We approached the team on a run, halted, and while the negro still sat on the wagon with staring eyes, shivering with fright, twenty men fell to the work of slaughter. They worked like wild men fear of losing their rations. In a minute or two it was all over, eight quarters of beef adorned the caisson chests, the detachment clattered on the run to overtake the battery, and the negro still sat on his wagon, gazing alternately at the hides, heads, and debris, lumbering the yoke and wagon tongue, and the flying artillery disappearing down the road.

A Brilliant Scheme.

[Lillian Whiting's Letter.]

I must tell you a funny incident I heard to-day. An enterprising young journalist suddenly conceived an idea that he believed would make him famous. This inspiration was that he would engage Dr. Holmes and Miss Sarah Orne Jewett to talk, and have the conversation reported by a stenographer on which he would sell it to the journal so fortunate as to pay his price. Filled with zeal he laid this brilliant scheme before the autocrat, who smiled benignantly down upon the originator of the suggestion.

"O, I could not think of it," he replied.

"You see I don't talk to state what I know, but to find out what I know. Now if you had a horse you would feel all around and sprinkle a great deal of gravel, it may be, in finding your point," he said.

"But a gun must be aimed at a mark and go off only once. That would be fatal to conversation. Talking is like the horse. You feel all around to find out what you do think."

He Declined the Offer.

[Exchange.]

Gentleman (to little boy)—What are you going to do with the puppy, little boy?

Little Boy—I'm going to drown him.

Gentleman—I'll give you a dollar for him.

Little Boy (after due consideration)—N-n-n I guess not. You see, I'd have to give most of the money to father, and I wouldn't have the fun of drowning the dog. Nop, I guess I won't sell him.